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T H E

Hotch-Potch.

O R,

Favourite Fricassé'd:

W I T H A

R A G O U S T of *Spiders, Cow-beels,*
and *Old Hat.*

Serv'd up in a Dish of MEDITATION,

By MENASSEH BEN MIRRAH, Cook
and Purveyor to the Sons of *Parnassus.*

L O N D O N :

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Hotch-Potch.



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Account of the
and Old

NOT A TIDE IN THE SEA

1990

and Partner to the Sons of T. J. Cook

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2010

and for a MOORE and SONS, and SONS
the Bookellers of London and Westminster.



THE
HOTCH-POTCH.



*EMO mortalium omnibus horis
sapit*: 'Tis granted; but we
must not from thence conclude,
as some have maliciously done,
that we are therefore never in
our Wits. Folly is like the
Small-Pox, few escape it, and what is worse,
it ever leaves a Scar behind it. The older
the Person, who happens to be attack'd
with either of these contagious Distem-
pers, the deeper and more numerous will
be the Marks: Nay, 'tis observed, that
both prove most dangerous in advanced
Age; but of the two, Folly is the most
virulent; for, like the Plague, it sometimes
attacks and spreads over a whole Nation.
I own, I am not able to tell, whether this
proceeds from the Malignant Influence of
the Planets; but there's a Friend of mine,

who is an Astrologer by Profession, living at the *FIGHTING-COCKS*, next Door to the *LATTICE* Alehouse (and who sent out in the Year 1715, at least 35300 Advertisements) will very courteously resolve the Curious; he's a Man noted for two Vertues, Affability, and Learning. I have known him look a Man in the Face, and tell him he should be hang'd in three Weeks, which happen'd according to his Prognostication. Were I to write the History of this great Man, it might pass for Romance; but as I value my self upon my Veracity, I shall insert nothing that may give the least Ground to suspect it. Truth is a beautiful Dame, but alas, *O Tempora!* she's rejected, abandon'd, cast out, aspers'd, vilified, abused: Why? because she has ne'er a Rag to cover her; she's naked, stark-naked, has not a Shoe to her Foot. I heard a Gentleman who took her Name to pieces say, this (tho' sufficient) was not the only Reason; for to take his own Words, *T* stands for *troublesome*, *R* rude, *U* unprofitable, *T* tart, *H* hurtful; and no Wonder, continued he, if polite and understanding People refuse to admit a troublesome, rude, unprofitable, tart, hurtful Companion, under their Roofs: I dont know what your common illiterate Folks may do, or disaffected *Jacobites*, but I am sure I have kept the best Company, and in such she's
never



never once mentioned. There is an impertinent Gang too, commonly, nay always, I may say, at the Heels of this beggarly Lady; but People of Sense can be as well content with using their Names, as if they were at the Expence of entertaining them. If the taking them in *only*, would serve their Turns, there might be some Reason for their Admittance; but they no sooner set Foot in a great Man's House, but they begin to regulate the Family, and turn things so topsy turvy, that the House can't be known for the same. The Prince of *Conde's* Will is a sufficient Instance. I need not tell you, I mean Madam *Reason*, and that sower old Gentlewoman, Mrs. *Justice*, who will advise a Man to hang his only Son. But I beg Pardon for this Digression; for doubtless my Reader has been some time desirous I should fall upon my Subject: But I own, I should think it uncivil and unfashionable, not to have some sort of Preamble, which is extreamly useful both to the Purchaser and Author. It raises the Expectation of the former; and Expectation very often gives more Pleasure than Fruition: Nay, Experience proves, that the Ideas which we form to our selves, are, for the most Part, much beyond the Possession of what we long for. Does the *Ambitious Man*, who has enslav'd his Country, and overturn'd its Constitution; who
has

has swum thro' the Blood of the Innocent, and amass'd immense Sums by Oppression; does he, I say, find his Power and Riches administer a Satisfaction equal to the Ideal Happiness he had form'd? As to the Advantage the Author reaps, 'tis visible; it swells his Book. Now, as I am a Follower of Truth (any one may know it, who sees my Dress) I never mince the Matter, but speak the thing *that Is*. *Pares cum paribus facillimè congregantur*. 'Tis no Wonder to see the Naked and Ragged in one Company, and as little to be admired, that I chuse such an unfashionable Companion, when I confess I was bred neither to the Court nor the Bar, nor have ever been a Party-Writer. I am, as my Present Piece speaks me, an Author, and by Inclination, *A Patriot*: *Ergo*, Do nothing without a View to my own Interest. I have often thought the Word Author carried something in it which commanded Respect, and that the Profession was very dangerous, I mean, in regard of a future State: For whoever misleads the People by his Writings, must, one Day, be as answerable for their Errors, as that Minister must be for their Miseries, whose *Bribery* blinds them to their Interest, that they may sell a Prey to his Avarice or Ambition. My Reader being now acquainted with my Character, I'll appeal to him, if it is not hard a Man of such Principles should be deny'd

deny'd a Draught at the Sign of the *Lat-tice*, or a Slice of a roasted OX, when all the *MADD*-Men in *Europe* have a Sirloin of Twenty Pound *viritim*, for no other Reason, than their having asserted the Queen of *France* was brought to Bed of Twin Princes, instead of Daughters, hallowing when they rattle their Chains, and having Eight Ounces of Squallidity.

There is nothing on which a Man cannot make useful Reflections; nay, very often from those things which some think too contemptible for our Notice, we find Matter of deep Speculation. The curious Man examines every thing, and imitating the Industry of the Bee, visits every Part of the Creation, collects something from every thing to enrich his Mind, as that little Fly passes no Flower unvisited, whence he may gather for the general Advantage; for in the Kingdom of Bees, there are no particular Interests to serve, no *Greedy Minister* to enrich, and maintain in Luxury: None are spared from the daily Labour of providing for the Whole, but the Sovereign only; according to that of *Virgil*:

Ignarum fucas pecus a praesepibus arcent.

From whence we may conclude, that should one of these Drones have been catch'd taking a little Honey out of every Cell, and
hiding

hiding it for himself, the rest of the Bees would not only banish him, but strip him, in the first Place, of his ill-gotten Honey, and make the Publick amends for the publick Theft, as well as publicly banish the Criminal. But this is Digressing. I remember, I said before, that we might moralize upon the meanest Subject. I love to bring Proof always for what I advance. I shall instance the ingenious Author of the *Meditations on a Broomstick*. The Spider before me, who is finishing a Net cross the Leaves of my Bible, what a Ground for Reflection would it afford a Genius like his? He might perhaps take a Handle from the Choice which the Insect had made of the sacred Book to build upon (which I believe to have been meer Chance) to run the following Comparison. He would observe, from the Insect's spinning the Web out of its own Bowels; the Design and Success of it in catching unwary Flies; the Number of their dead Bodies (which hung round like the Trophies that adorn the Halls of ancient Warriors) and lastly, from the fatal Broom, which commonly, in a Moment, sweeps away the laborious Toil of many Hours: He would, I say, observe perhaps, That this Spider, with his Web, might be compar'd to a *Designing Statesman*, with his *Schemes*, which being expos'd and unravel'd to the People, their Indignation (like the Broom)

Broom) destroys at once all his *Projects*; and leaves the Wretch without a Home, if he does not perish by the Fall.

This *Cow-heel*, which kind Providence has sent me for my Dinner, would furnish Matter of Speculation for a bright Genius. The Name alone shews, *Who goes with the many, is seldom in the right*. Almost every one calls a Neat's-foot a Cow-heel, and 'tis visible this before me, by its Size, is the Foot of an *Ox*; an *Ox* which, may be, has broke down the Hedges of the neighbouring Grounds, and fatten'd in forbidden Pastures: Of an *Ox*, which once felt the galling Yoke, and was forc'd to drag the heavy Plough, or break the knotty Clod, and suffer the pungent Goad to mark his Sides: But freed at length from Toil, grew wanton on his Feed, and not content with Abundance, would still seek for more, or figure to himself, that the adjoining Meads afforded sweeter Grass; and tho' finding his Mistake, he still wander'd on in search of what was not to be found.—But I am not fit for these Speculations, I have not a Head turn'd that way, *Ne Sutor ultra crepidam*—Should I draw a Comparison between this Neat's-foot and—I might perhaps find a Thistle in my Fingers: *Nemo me impune lacesset* is the Motto, you know; and he's not a wise Man who does not look before he leaps. Say what they will in Ridicule of

Sancho Pancha and his Proverbs, I take him to have been a wise Man: All Proverbs are little pithy Lessons of Prudence, which serve to guide us, like so many Buoys placed on the Sands and Shoals in this troublesome Sea of Life. How many great Men, had they follow'd the Example of *Sancho*, and often had, as a Monitor, such a Proverb in their Mouths, as, *Respice finem*; *Suum cuique*; *Nosce teipsum*; *Ne quid nimis*, &c. might have gone off the Stage of Action with a *Plaudite*?

A whimsical Gentleman of my Acquaintance had a strange Longing to break the Head of a *Ticket Porter*, and went into the City on purpose to hire one who had the *Passive Courage* to allow of the Operation. He found a poor Wretch, who loving Ale better than Wife or Children, Health, or the *Liberty* of taking the *AIR*, agreed to stand the Knock for Three Full-pots and Five Shillings. The Bargain was made, my Friend was humour'd, and the Blow threw the Fellow into a Fever, which confin'd him *SEVEN* Weeks to his Bed, besides paying double the Sum he gain'd to his *Apothecary*, yet he no sooner recover'd (such was his Love of Drink) but he stood a *Second Blow* for the like Reward, of which he now languishes, and 'tis thought, cannot recover. There can be nothing more *à propos* than this Story to the Matter in Hand, which,

if

if the Reader has forgot, I desire he will turn back to the Introduction. As I have ever valued my self on keeping close to my Text, I can't help taking Notice of this Word *Introduction*, which signifies, *To lead a Nation by the Nose*; for *Intro*, the two first Syllables, is, by the Figure *Apocope*, derived from, and stands for, *in troth*: *Duc* is by the same Figure put for *duco*, *I lead*; and *tion*, by the Figure *Aphæresis*, put for *Nation*; as in *Plautus*, *Conia* for *Ciconia*; which set together, is, *In troth I lead the Nation*. The Word is in itself harsh, and I never hear it pronounced, but I figure to myself the Speaker has *Plums* in his Mouth. I have heard others give another Etymology, and say, that this Word comes from *Intro-duco*, which we may, as its Signification is very extensive, say, signifies to *bubble*, *bamboozle*, *wheedle*, *draw into*, and then the Word *Slavery* is understood; but, *Quot homines tot sententiæ*; an Author who can't cram in a Sentence of *Latin* now and then, does not, in my humble Opinion, deserve the Name: Wherefore I hope the Reader will excuse me, if I add, *Quos Jupiter vult perdere, prius dementat*; for no Man in his Senses will give away his Breeches, and afterwards complain that he goes bare-a—d. Now, *Monf. Fouquet*, the first Syllable of whose Name, according to Sound, has a double Etymology, (which I leave to the

Learned, being tender of shocking a modest Ear) how did his Ambition fool him ! He must be a Sovereign forsooth ! I've known a Man of less Sense in *Persia* aim at the same thing, and I have great Reason to hope he'll meet the same Fate. As for Cardinal *Mazarine*, his Modesty made him speak Truth, when he said, *J'ecorché le Francois*. I know another, who can't speak a Word of *English*, and yet is as near a-kin to a *Currier*, and has as good a Hand at *flaying*, as e'er a Cardinal of them all. *It is ill jesting with edg'd Tools*; and the *Arabian* Proverb advises, not to make an Enemy of a Man in Power. I have so imbibed this, that I should always be on the Side of the Minister, and allow him to be Humane, Generous, Just, Publick-spirited, tho' I were certain, that he valued, and did for none but his own Family and a few Creatures, and employ'd the publick Money given for the Defence and Honour of the Nation, to the enslaving it; for where Money's to be given, there are Gudgeons to take the Hook; and I know a Gentleman (an excellent Scholar) who does not understand a Word of *Latin*, but the following Line;

Quis nisi mentis inops oblatum respuat aurum?

Count *Greiffenfeld*, take his Title to Pieces, and it answers to your *Armes parlantes*, is another Proof, that it's possible for a Minister

nister to be corrupt, and postpone every thing to his Ambition. *Fouquet* had a great Itching to be a sovereign Prince, as I have said, and this Gentleman had as strong an Inclination to be Duke of *Holstein*. They were both detected and sentenced, tho' the *Danish* Minister escaped with his Life, being deprived only of his Estate, and degraded from his Honours, and pinn'd up in a Goal. *Refund* is a grating Word to the Ears of a Minister, and would sound very disagreeably in those of *One*, who shews the Power he has over his Sovereign, by making him the *Jest* and *Scorn* of his People, and a Contradiction to himself in all he advances.

Chilperic, King of *France*, was thus led on, abus'd, despis'd, bubbld, made a Property of by the Mayor of his Palace, and at length clapt into the Convent of *St. Berthin* in the Town of *St. Omers*.

I know nothing more dangerous to a Government, than suffering Subjects to grow rich; for Riches are ever attended with Pride and Obstinacy. People grow saucy, and are apt to despise their Superiors, when their Purses are full; wherefore there is admirable Policy in keeping them poor: And this I learnt from the Motto of a Sheet Almanack.

Where Conscience may prove detrimental to a Cause or Party, the surest Way is
to

to strike at the Root, banish Religion, or at least give the Power of molding and new modelling it, into the Hands of *Political Infidels*.

Who robs on the Road, is a publick Nuisance; who robs the Publick, is the Author of a general Good; the Reason is evident!

I remember to have seen a Great Man pelted by little Scribblers, who did not thoroughly understand the Interest of their Country, and while they thought to vilify, they made him the greatest Complements. They have term'd him, *A Publick Thief*, charg'd him with robbing the Nation, and a deal to the same Purpose: What is this, but, in other Terms, saying, he was a Man of a prodigious Genius, whose single Head was too hard for those of Seven or Eight Millions? And when they tax'd him with heaping up immense Treasure, did they not compliment him with every Virtue? For who ever knew a rich Man, who did not possess them all in the supreme Degree? I cannot therefore but think such Scribblers like so many Dogs barking at the Moon.

Meditation is of wonderful Use to a Man who has no Scheme of Life laid down, but orders his Conduct *de die in diem*, according to the different Accidents which occur; will break his Neighbours *Windows*, and then *Tax his Tenants*, to make good the Damage;

Damage ; I mean, raise his Rents, or Fines. *Jack Thoughtless*, when he was in *Spain*, set Fire to the Count of *Castile's* Hay-rick, because he did not return a Salute which he did not see. The angry Don sent him Word (for *Jack's* a Factor) if he did not immediately pay the Damage, and a considerable Sum for the Affront, he'd lay him by the Heels. *Jack* swore, *D——n his B——d he did it for his Diversion, was a free-born Englishman, and would wipe his A——se with a Dozen Spanish Counts wrapt together.* But, for all this, huffy *Jack* was forc'd to comply, and he struck off from his Book-keeper and other Servants Wages, what was sufficient to make Satisfaction.

This puts me in mind of a known Coward, who sent his Glove to a Gentleman for a Challenge, which the other sh——t in, and sent back; so there was an End of the Quarrel.

I never heard the poor *Irish*, or Negroes sing, but the Air spoke Slavery. Men oppress'd insensibly degenerate, their Spirits are broke, and Despair makes them stretch out their Necks to receive the Yoke. The *Jews* were once a brave Nation, and where they are not oppress'd, they are yet Men; there is a vast Difference between a *Jew* born and bred in *Holland*, and one brought up in *Spain* or *Portugal*.

Count

Count *Olivarez* was a great Minister, but he fell at last. *Violanti* took some Pains to get up to the Top of *St. Martin's* Steeple; but when he was at the highest, his Descent was swift and dangerous.

The *English* Proverb says, *Tread on a Worm, and it will turn.* This Great Man *Olivarez's* Overthrow was, in great Measure, owing to *Donna Anna Guevara*, who had suckled the King, and whom his Lady (the Count's) had injured. Having found an Opportunity of speaking to the King, she told him, " That she came not to obtain any Favours for her self, but to do " the Crown of *Spain* the most considerable " Service that she possibly could. That she " had a maternal Affection for his Majesty, " which prompted her to discover to him, " what perhaps no other, on Account of " the Hazard, would dare to reveal.

Having obtain'd Leave of the King to speak with Freedom, she laid open to him, and painted in lively Colours, the Miseries of his Kingdom, the Oppression of his People, the Scarcity of Money, the Loss of many Places and Ships, one upon the Neck of another. In short, she left nothing unsaid, which might tend to the Opening his Majesty's Eyes, and relieving the People from Bondage: And concluded with saying, " These Disasters were Chastisements of " God, which fell upon him, for giving up " to

“ to another that Charge (the Government
 “ of his Kingdoms) which God and Na-
 “ ture had laid on him. That it was
 “ time for him to act without a Guardian,
 “ and endeavour to avert the Anger of
 “ God, by taking Compassion on the Mife-
 “ ries of his Subjects, whose Oppression he
 “ ought no longer to suffer : That he ought
 “ at least to take Pity on the Misfortunes
 “ of the Prince his Son, who, without any
 “ Fault on his Side, was on the Point, if
 “ not efficaciously prevented, of withdraw-
 “ ing with the Fortune of a private Gen-
 “ tleman.” She then protested, that if what
 she had said, had given Offence to his Ma-
 jesty, she was ready and willing to suffer
 the Punishment of her Crime ; for as she
 had already given her Milk for the Nourish-
 ment of her King, she should now esteem
 it a Happiness to sacrifice her Blood for the
 Support of his Kingdom.

'Tis probable my Reader may desire to
 know the King's Answer ; but that would
 be unjust to expect, because I reserve it for
 my next Essay on Government, Puppet-
 Shews and Horse-Courfers.

Marcus Antoninus was at the Head of
 a great Empire, yet he took nothing on
 Hear-say ; he made use of his own Reason,
 and did not think it below the Dignity of
 a Prince, to do Justice to his People, in pre-
 venting the Rapine of Governours.

C

Men

Men naturally love Detraction, and Scandal bears as good a Price with the Book-sellers, as a Borough with the Change-brokers, in Proportion to the usual Advantages arising by the Sale of Paper and Votes.

I have often heard the Natural and Politick Body compared, and Philosophers say, the Seat of the Soul is in the Brain; if so, the Soul of the Nation must be placed in the Ministers; and 'tis no Wonder, that the Members of the Body act according to Dictates of their Superiors. Now, if the Brain is disordered, which is as much as to say the Soul is out of Tune (for according to this Position, I take Soul and Brain to be synonymous Terms) and we see the Person thus affected offer to lay violent Hands on himself, his Friends use Force, instead of Persuasion (for Reason to a Lunatick, is a Fiddle to a Sow) and prevent the Mischief by fettering his Hands. But in this Case, the *Simile* don't hold throughout between the Natural and Politick Body. 'Tis true, the Heads of both may be wrong, and the Politick Body may strenuously endeavour its own Mischief, and be altogether as incapable by the Strength of the Frenzy, of being prevailed on by Persuasion, as the Natural Body. But there is no Remedy for the former, and charitable Force cannot prevent the Mischief.

Philip

Philip of *Macedon* look'd upon an *Afs* loaded with Gold, the best battering Ram. That Metal has strange Efficacy— The Man who kept the *Feathers Alehouse* on *Southwark* side had prodigious good Luck; the Vicissitudes of human Affairs are admirable! This Man was a Foundling, and afterwards Servant at the *Hole in the Wall*: He bought by Chance, for a Trifle, *Luther's Conversation with the Devil*, to wrap Tobacco in. A mad Person happening to see it, offerr'd him Fifteen Shillings, a new Common-Prayer-Book, and to let him have the *Feathers Ale-house*, of which he was joint Landlord with his Wife's Sister, if he would part with it on these Terms. *April* (for that is the Fellow's Name) accepted the Offer, and getting Credit, set up for himself. His Complaisance got him Custom, and his OEconomy saved him Money. In short, the Man of the *Crown Inn* dying, he took that House, and grew immensely rich, by bribing Bayliffs to make it a common Spunging-house. In these Circumstances, he was resolved to be the Son of *Somebody*, and by the Force of Money got People to swear him the Son of an Attorney, and accordingly changed his Name, set up a Coach, and took the Arms of the Family he had chosen, tho' he was not Fool enough to give over his Business, which he carried on by his Servants.

Most Authors are in effect Patriots, or at least wear the same Cloak; the first writes, the other acts for the Publick: But if Virtue was to be its own Reward, few would give their Lucubrations, and as few caress a Cobbler, and kiss every old Apple-woman of a Corporation, to obtain a Vote, if any could be found, who would take the Trouble upon him of a Representative.

Liberty and Friendship are two fine Words, and are equal in *Esse* with Religion and Gratitude. I would fain see the Picture of Sound. These Words may come under the Class of *Syncategorematica quæ nihil significant separatim*.

There are Three Acts of the Mind, *Simplex Apprehensio, Judicium, Discursus*. Practice has reduced these to the first; for we know when we see a Bank Bill of Twenty Pounds, tho' in Case of Bribery, *Discursus* or *Argumentatio* is sometimes admitted, and (but very rarely) *Judicium* is brought in, but it is, as a dead Man is carried out, Heels foremost.

When Two Doctors are in Consultation, who can prescribe, the one nothing but Phlebotomy, and the other Cathartics only, the Patient's in a bad Condition.

I knew a Doctor who never entertained his Patients, let their Quality be what it wou'd, otherwise than with *D—n ye you Scoundrel, this comes of your Drinking and Gluttony;*

Gluttony; G——d D——n ye, I'll bleed ye, you Rascal: Bl——d and W——ds, Must I be always troubled with your Debaucheries? And then he'd order a considerable Quantity of Blood to be taken, and has often endanger'd the Life of his Patient. Nay, he had a Whim of persuading People they were mad, when they came to visit him, and by Force would lock them up in a dark Room, and there blood 'em, purge 'em, almost starve, and abuse 'em, and would never let their Friends know where to find 'em. His Servants used privately to release such. He one Day felt my Pulse, and told me my Head was disorder'd, and a low Diet was convenient. I answer'd, I was very well. *Damn ye you Dog*, replied he, *you lye; you had as good say I don't understand Physick*; then with a Volley of Oaths accompanied with *Son of a Whore, Lousy Rascal, Beggarly Dog, Impertinent Puppy, Sirrah*, &c. he added, he had been inform'd I was about taking my Degrees in Physick, which was a plain Indication of my Lunacy; but *D——n my Bl——d* he'd *Physick* me. My having advis'd a Friend to take a Dose of *Scotch Pills* put this Whim into his Head. The next Day, he arrested me for Scandal, and at the Tryal (for he is an excellent Logician, and understands the Law as well as Physick) he insisted on a Thousand Pound Damages; for my assert-
ing

ing I was not mad, was flatly denying his Judgment, which was saying he was no Physician, and saying he was no Physician, was mangling his Reputation; and he was of Opinion, as a Man's Reputation was his Life, I came within the *Coventry Act* — and ought to be hang'd.

I know a Country where the major Part of the Inhabitants are raving mad, and the sober People only clapp'd into *Bedlam*. They say nothing is so valuable as Gold; and yet (a certain Sign of the reigning Lunacy) they'll sometimes take a Whim, and throw the better Part of what they have into the River, thinking it will make the Water more salubrious.

Danckelman, the King of *Prussia's* Treasurer does now, and has for some Years, peep'd thro' Iron Bars, the just Fate of a corrupt Minister!

I have observed a Game Chick brought up with a Dunghill Cock, who always kept him under so much, he would fly the Sight of him. The same Chick grown up to a Cock, and carried from the Farm till he had forgot his Antagonist, was brought back, and cut him to Pieces.

Many things happen between the Cup and the Lip: *Hammon* little thought of a Hempen Sallad, when invited to eat with the King and Queen. *Esther* had all her Eye-

Eye-teeth, and I conclude from her Artifice, that the Proverb of *Biting the Biter*, was known in those Days.

Wolsey, Lord *Cromwell*, *Biron*, *Essex*, had as good Head-pieces as Prince *Menzikoff*; but what's all that to the present Purpose?

I never knew a Pastry-cook make Gooseberry Tarts without Sugar, which is a great Advantage to our *West India* Colonies. But a Horse which has never eat, can never sh—t Oats: Sows Ears will not make Silk Purfes, and

Naturam expellas furca licet, usque recurret.

He'd make a Devil of a Poet who were a Stranger to Quantity, and had no Ear for Sound; and what Sort of a *Japoneſe* Mi-niſter, muſt he make, who knows only the Intereſt of *Ximo*, and is not acquainted with ſo much as the Bearings of the three Iſlands? Certainly *Zeilam* is a charming Country;

*Hic ver purpureum, varios hic flumina circum
Fandit humus flores—*

and yet an honeſt Man who has no Money, I need not add nor Friend, becauſe this is a natural Conſequence, may ſtarve; for all the Poets and great Men in this Iſland make a Jeſt of Conſcience, tho' all the Poor who want it are put to infamous Deaths. It was juſt ſo in the time of Pope

Joan

Joan. O *Britain* look round thee, and by the Miseries of thy Neighbours, open thine Eyes to thy own Blessings, and pray for the Continuance of them in the Preservation of thy present Patriots!

MEDITATION on my Old Hat.

JUST Monitor of Ingratitude! how art thou neglected, cover'd over with Dust, and thrown into a Corner; now stript of thy silver Ornament, which once shone so gaily on thy spacious Brim; not look'd upon by the meanest of the Family, or at least but with cold Contempt. The Servant who once employ'd his Care to keep thee clean from Spots, and diligently secur'd thee from the Touch of sullied Hands, now treads thee under Foot. Ungrateful I thus to repay the many Services I owe thee! How often from Showers tempestuous, and scorching Suns, has thou protect-ed me! How bravely didst thou interpose, when the glittering Steel, aimed at my devoted Breast, and thirsting for Blood, had sent me to the silent Grave, defac'd with Wounds, had not thy Friendship skreen'd me from the hostile Thrust, and snatch'd me from the Jaws of Death. This Service alas! was the first Cause of thy Disgrace; so apt are we Mortals to repay Good with Evil. This wounded Brim, to which I
ow'd

ow'd my Life, made me ashamed to own thee longer for mine. But this is not thy Fate alone. Who has to do with Man must never be surpriz'd, but when he meets with Gratitude. Have we not seen a Heroe undertake his sinking Country's Cause, and court the Dangers of the hostile Field? Have we not seen him lavish of his Blood and Patrimony, repaid with Banishment? What was the Reward of the brave *Miltiades*, what the Fate of *Bellisarius*? What Return did *Coriolanus* meet! *Ajax* justly reprehends the Ingratitude of *Ulysses*; had he not saved his Life, as by the following Lines he did, he had found no Rival for the Arms of *Achilles*, nor had he fallen by the Hand which saved his Enemy.

—*adsum, videoque trementem
Pallentemque metu, trepidantem morte futurâ,
Opposui molem Clypei, texique jacentem,
Servavique animam (nimium est hic laudis)
inertem.*

And surely what *Ajax* proposes is very just,

*Redde hostem, vulnusque tuum solitumque
timorem.*

In the same State doubtless *Ulysses* wou'd forego, not only his Pretensions to the
D Arms

Arms in Dispute, but promise beyond his Power of performing, to procure his Safety.

How hearty does the Wretch in Danger pray! how ardent are his Vows! the Danger past, the Deity's forgot, and he relapses into very Man.

Ingratitude is a Vice without an Advocate, and one would think, in general Abhorrence: yet as inseparable from Man, as the Accident from the Substance. *Ulysses* I think ungrateful; but had he with his own Hand given Death to him, who snatch'd him from it, surely his Crime had been still more heinous. But he who would give a Detail of such things as shock to hear, even those, who would act them o'er again, may with equal Ease number the Drops which fall in *April* Showers. Why is the Fable of the Snake which stung the Bosom of the charitable Clown, whose Pity warm'd him into Life, tritely used as a Standard with which ungrateful Actions are compared? Know we nothing still more monstrous among our selves? The Snake's irrational, and might by Chance, by Fear, or press'd by Hunger, and surely ignorant of the Favour, sting to Death his Benefactor. Man knowingly, spite of the strong Remonstrances of his Conscience, defying Shame, Dishonour and Contempt, will fall upon, and tear with impious Hands, those Bowels which yearning

ing in his former Dangers, gave him Life. What future Actions can efface a Crime so black?— How often has this now neglected Hat skreen'd my Eye, and been an Excuse for my not seeing a decay'd and wanting Friend! How often before its Silver Brim was spoil'd, has it made others fly from the Wearers Heads to do me Honour! how oft, as sympathizing with my Interest, has it sat uneasy, and minded me, that some Favourite Footman, some useful Bawd, some Conduit-pipe of Bribery (who raised from the *Tard* by stockjobbing our Liberties) pass'd by me, that I might sell a Complement? How many different Cocks wou'd it assume to give me different and useful Airs. And how much am I indebted to it for my Reputation, on one Hand, of Courage, and of Gravity on the other? yet all these Services cou'd not preserve thee from the Abuse thou hast suffer'd. Ungrateful that I am! my Turn being serv'd, thus to neglect the most useful Instrument of it. But *Voila comme les hommes sont batis*: While it cou'd serve me, I omitted no Care to see it well look'd after; the hard, the soft Brush, and Velter Rubber, were daily employ'd; the Band-box, its nightly Repository, wiped clean from Dust, and nought omitted to preserve its Beauty. Great Men may learn from this, that those who crowd their Levee, sing

their Praise, cringe at a Nod, caress their Domesticks, and make their Complements to their Monkeys, think only on themselves; all this Court and distant Awe is not paid to them, but to their Interest, and is with the Title constantly attach'd, constantly transferr'd. Their Turns once serv'd, their Benefactor fallen, he'll meet the Fate of my neglected Hat. Honour's the Manure from which spring prodigious Crops of Flatterers. A Tradesman has no Levee; let a great Man smile upon, make him a Squire, and the Canal of his Favours, he shall be crowded; the great Man's Parts complemented in distinguishing Merit; he himself shall be a *Solon*, a *Machiavel*, a *Richlieu*, a *Mazarine*, tho' the Wretch is as much a Sheep as those were which bore the Wooll he dealt in. Let the great Man begin to cast his Rays obliquely, the Soil grows too cool for Flattery, it shrivels up, and dies. The Rays of Power must dart point-blank upon the Dunghill, or the Weed won't grow: His Levee thins, and in an Instant, the Man becomes a very *dirty Hat*; Truth succeeds to Flattery, as Ingratitude to Favours, and the fallen Man, howe'er ungrateful it may be to him, will find as many Masters to instruct him in this Virtue, as he has Acquaintance. They'll every one be ready to shew him to himself; lay before him his Vanity and Folly, and tell him,

him, these have deservedly made him an
Old Hat.

MEDITATION on a Sponge.

HOW small, how dry, how light, how
harsh, and ungrateful to the Touch
is yon Sponge! yet, put it into Water, it
will swell up, and become weighty and soft
to our Feeling. I knew formerly in *Moscow*,
a Minister, of whom this Sponge is an exact
Emblem; he was dry in his Purse, light
in his Credit, harsh in his Temper; being
sower'd by having spent his Patrimony in
following the Court, and put into Prison
for Treachery, betraying the first Trust re-
pos'd in him, and on that Account, disa-
greable to all who knew him: The Czar
took him into Favour after this; he grew
a perfect Sponge, suck'd up all around him,
and was as soft in his way of receiving, as
the fullest Sponge could be to the Touch;
but in rewarding Merit, or doing any thing
for a Patriot, or honest Man, who really
loved his Country, he retain'd the Quali-
ty of a dry Sponge; and yet this Man,
notwithstanding all his Virtues, came to be
hang'd at last.

*Exegi monumentum ære perennius,
Regalique situ Pyramidum altius,
Quod non imber edax, non Aquilo impotens
Possit*

*Possit diruere, aut innumerabilis
Annorum series, & fuga temporum.*

This, in a modern Writer (tho' allowed in *Horace*) would be look'd upon insufferable; but a Statesman of my Acquaintance, may be permitted to say thus much of himself, without the least Imputation of Vanity. A Man who would eternize his Name, is a Stranger to the World, if he thinks it possible to attain to this End, by being serviceable to his Country, and by the Probity of his Actions, the Wisdom of his Counsels, and a disinterested Administration, makes it rich and flourishing. No; Ingratitude is the Shade of Prosperity, and such a Man would be as soon forgot, as buried: Whereas he, who plunges a Nation in Debt, loads them with Taxes, and entails Misery on his Country for Generations to come, will in all Probability become immortal. Doubtless, there were beside *Cicero*, a great Number of Patriots in *Rome*, whose Names have never reached us, while that of *Catiline* is in the Mouth of every School-boy. Nay, 'tis probably more owing to *Cicero's* Eloquence, than to his Patriotism, that his Name has not, like theirs, been buried in Oblivion.

I have often wondred how this Saying, *Virtue is its own Reward*, became so trite; and that the same thing has never been
said

said of Vice. I am sure (and I appeal to Members of some Parliaments which have been held long since the Reformation) its Reward is as certain, and much more prompt. A Pick pocket has no sooner done his Work, but his Reward is in his Hands. Since that time, some who have sold their Votes, have had their Salaries settled, even on Promise of following Directions, and a *Patriot* who betray'd his Trust, in abusing his Prince, and plundering the People, has received immediate Honours, and had Riches heap'd upon him even beyond what he could ever hope for.

F I N I S.



(18)

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Schismatics, Hereticks, Infidels, Stepticks,
or False Brethren, howsoever dignified or
 distinguish'd. *Ecclus. vi. 13. Separate thy*
self from thine Enemies, and take heed of thy
Friends (meaning *False Brethren*) *Jer. viii. 20.*
The Harvest is past, the Summer ended, and
yet we are not saved!

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Prov. xxiv. 4:—They that forsake the Law,
praise the Wicked: But such as keep the Law
contend with them, Ch. xxviii. 4.

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